

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — *Couper.*

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## Our Dumb Animals.

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### Faithful Dhu.

Among the farmers in the market-place at Falkirk stood Duncan MacGregor. He had come down from his farm in the mountains of Argyleshire with sheep, and having finished his business, was preparing for his journey home, which lay through some of the finest scenery in Argyleshire. As he turned into the stable-yard where his horse was put up, his attention was caught by a howl from a dog, evidently in great pain. Turning round, he saw a collie puppy, who had just received a kick from a drunken farmer, who was now reeling out of sight. MacGregor picked up the dog, and, upon examination, found one of his forelegs broken. Carrying him into the inn, he inquired to whom he belonged. Nobody knew anything about him. He looked starved and miserable, and evidently had been neglected for some days. On finding himself gently handled and spoken to, the puppy left off howling, and looked at his new protector with an expression of

astonishment, evidently unaccustomed to such usage, which soon turned to one of instinctive trust. Procuring some splints of wood, MacGregor set and bound up his leg, and then fastened him into a basket, which he placed in his gig. Then he went into the stables, where he was greeted by a loud neigh; in a few minutes he returned, followed by a handsome, strong-built Scotch pony, which, though rough and shaggy, showed marks of his Arab blood in delicate muzzle and small pointed ears. Bluebell was soon harnessed, and they started on their way. MacGregor was one of those few people who love and thoroughly understand animals. He had found the secret of managing them. They were not to him "hewers of wood and drawers of water," to do his work, and to be treated and cared for just as much as was needful not to lose by them; but to him they were, what they ought to be to every true man, God's gift, to be loved and cared for as such, and for the use of which he was one day to give an account. All the animals of his farm obeyed and loved him. He showed them that he loved them, and did not fear them, and they gave to him, what the severest treatment or the longest wrongly called "breaking-in" could never have obtained, their full submission.

Their first night's resting-place was at a small inn on the shore of a large loch. After seeing to Bluebell's comfort, MacGregor bound up the puppy's leg again, and gave him some food. The dog had evidently accepted him for his master, and would allow nobody else to touch him. He was a peculiarly large dog for his age, jet black, except where marked by tan. MacGregor called him "Dhu," which, in Gaelic, means "dark."

And now our story must pass several years—years in which Dhu has fully rewarded all the care and kindness he received as a miserable and neglected puppy, by a devotion to his master only ended with life. They were never apart; and a cleverer sheep-dog on the hill could not be found. How easily one can tell, by the way a dog does his work, how he has been trained. Some will turn a sheep any way by a turn of the hand or a glance from the master's eye; others, again, can be got to do nothing without swearing, gesticulating and shouting, and often stones thrown at the dog, who stands puzzled and uncertain amid such a din. We find MacGregor, Dhu and Bluebell crossing the same range of mountains we described in the beginning of our story, but in very

different weather. It was the month of November; the road was covered with snow, driven by a fierce north-east wind. Gallantly the little horse had climbed the long, steep ascent. It was hard work sometimes to keep a footing, as the wind came whistling with tremendous force down the glens, driving the blinding snow in their faces. Many a time it had brought Bluebell to a stand, with his legs firmly planted till the wild blast passed. Slowly they reached the top, where the road wound along the little loch, now dark and wild, lashed into rough waves by the wind. The horse stopped, exhausted with his pull, when a wilder gust came howling on them. Bluebell could not resist it; and the gig was blown off the road down into the water beneath, a fall of some thirty feet, into an awful abyss of seething water, with the night closing in, and several miles from help. This is no invention of fancy. The fact happened within the last two years, and close to the writer's home. Happily, MacGregor was tossed out, and fell not in deep water, his fall broken by some bushes, but still so severely injured that for a long time he remained unconscious. Bluebell was almost immediately drowned, being unable to free himself from the gig. When MacGregor awoke from his stupor, he found his faithful dog lying near him. Dhu had fallen over some little distance from his master, and had dragged himself, severely cut and injured, to his master's side. MacGregor spoke to the dog, who struggled to rise and answer him. As his senses grew clearer, he saw that his only salvation depended upon his dog; if he could only reach the nearest house, they would understand and follow him to the place where the accident had happened. Laying his hand on the dog's head, MacGregor said, slowly and clearly, "Hie, fetch them, Dhu!" Dhu looked in his face, unwilling to leave him. The order was repeated, and the noble dog struggled to his feet. Finding a place where he could scramble up, he started as quick as he could down the brae. At last he reached the small public-house, some eight miles down the glen, where MacGregor was wont to water his horse. He roused the people by barking; and, on opening the door, they found him sunk on the ground against it, quite exhausted. They recognized him at once, and knew some accident must have happened. They carried him in, and endeavored to restore him a little, as he was indispensable for showing them the way. When all was ready, they carried him out and put him down on the ground. Dhu

seemed to know all depended upon him. Gathering himself up, he turned to the steep brae down which he had come, now marked by his blood. The storm raged fiercely, and they could only make slow way. The gallant dog held steadily on till he reached the place where it was possible to descend. It was inky dark by this time; and, as the men looked over the edge, they could see nothing but the gleam of the foaming water below them, and hear nothing but the wild shriek of the wind. By the light of their lanterns they cautiously followed Dhu, clinging to the grass above them as they clambered down. Presently the dog quickened his pace, and disappeared round the jutting ledge of a rock. A few steps brought them to the object of their search. MacGregor was by this time insensible, and, as they turned their lanterns on his face, they thought him dead. It was a sight not often seen. Lying with his head on his master's breast lay the body of the brave dog who had guided them so truly. The necessity for exertion was over; his work was fully done, and death had released him from his pain. MacGregor's life was saved, though he never recovered the effects of that awful night, in which, he used to say, "he had lost the best friend he ever had." "Only a dog!"—aye; only a faithful, true dog—faithful in all he had to give: his unswerving fidelity.—*Animal World*.

#### Cat Sagacity.

The sagacity of cats has often been greatly commented upon by naturalists and observers of animals. On this score Baron von Gleichen, a distinguished German diplomatist, relates the following anecdote: He had a favorite cat which he was very fond of watching in all her sports. He noticed that she was in the habit of running up to every looking-glass about the house, and would sniff and scratch at one for hours together. There seemed to be a peculiar fascination for her about mirrors, and she was particularly bent on gnawing off the frames. One day the Baron placed a cheval-glass in the middle of his room to see what the cat would do. She had never seen the back of any mirror, and she at once began to run around this one in vain attempts at catching the cat she beheld in the glass. After becoming convinced that she was the only cat outside of the glass, she began to think there must be one inside. She seemed to be lost in conjectures for a little while, when all of a sudden she put out her fore-paws and carefully felt of the glass on both sides, apparently to find out how thick it was. She evidently realized that even if there was a cavity, it was not deep enough to hold a cat; and so she gave up the whole thing as an unfathomable mystery, and never afterwards was she attracted by any looking-glass whatever.—*Hearth and Home*.

#### The Duke of Westminster and the Treatment of Horses.

Acting the part of a merciful man who is merciful to his beast, and to the beasts which belong to others, the Duke of Westminster has written to the "Times," pleading with the wealthy owners of horses to show more consideration for their property. When he goes to the theatre, his Grace is evidently not in the habit of ordering his carriage out to drive him home; at least he walked from Drury-lane to Grosvenor House; and on his way he passed rows of carriages drawn up in ranks, the horses in which were in most cases throwing up their heads from the discomfort of their bearing-reins. The Duke is aware that in the interests of the horses some people advocate the entire suppression of bearing-reins, yet he thinks them not objectionable if put on loosely and used in short journeys. But that they should be put on tightly, and "especially at night and in hot weather, when there are few to see whether the horses are forced to look smart" is a bit of unnecessary and inconsiderate cruelty which he cannot tolerate; and "on the score of humanity" he has, through the "Times," asked that it should be either greatly abated or totally discontinued.

#### On the Death of a Favorite Old Spaniel.

And they have drowned thee, then, at last, poor Phillis!  
The burden of old age was heavy on thee;  
And yet thou shouldst have lived! What though thine eye  
Was dim, and watched no more with eager joy  
The wanted call that on thy dull sense sunk  
With fruitless repetition, the warm sun  
Might still have cheered thy slumbers; thou didst love  
To lick the hand that fed thee; and though past  
Youth's active season, even life itself was comfort.  
Poor old friend, how earnestly  
Would I have pleaded for thee! Thou hadst been  
Still the companion of my boyish sports;  
And as I roamed o'er Avon's woody cliffs,  
From many a day-dream has thy short, quick bark  
Recalled my wandering soul. I have beguiled  
Often the melancholy hours at school,  
Soured by some little tyrant, with the thought  
Of distant home, and I remembered then  
Thy faithful fondness; for not mean the joy,  
Returning at happy holidays,  
I felt from thy dumb welcome. Pensively  
Sometimes have I remarked thy slow decay,  
Feeling myself changed, too, and musing much  
On many a sad vicissitude of life.  
Oh! poor companion! when thou followedst last  
Thy master's parting footsteps to the gate,  
Which closed forever on him, thou didst lose  
Thy truest friend, and none was left to plead  
For the old age of brute fidelity.  
But fare thee well! mine is no narrow creed:  
And He who gave thee being did not frame  
The mystery of life to be the sport  
Of merciless men. There is another world  
For all that live and move,—a better one,  
Where the proud bipeds who would fain confine  
Infinite Goodness to the little bounds  
Of their own charity, may envy thee.

ROBERT SOUTHHEY.

#### The Fox's Preference.

From time immemorial the fox has been called sly. The following story, however, seems to show that with his craft is occasionally mixed something which his betters might call worldly wisdom. A young cub was caught in the neighborhood of Bridgewater, and on account of his tender years, probably, was placed in the kitchen of the White Hart, where he grew up, winning and retaining the affection of his master and mistress. It can scarcely be said that he ate the bread of idleness; on the contrary, he did suit and service for bed and board, his occupation being that of a turnspit. Whether he grew weary of this employment, or was seized with a not unnatural desire to see something of the outer world, seems uncertain. One morning, a short time ago, he left his box by the fireside, crept out of the door, jumped lightly over the garden wall, and fairly took to his heels across country. Viewed by a pack of hounds trotting leisurely along the road to the cover side, poor Reynard had to fly for his life. After a smart run of something like twenty miles he perhaps became conscious that his sedentary life ill fitted him for such desperate exertion. Did his master or his mistress and his crib in the corner, we wonder, come into his mind as likely to afford him security in his extremity? Be this as it may, he took hedge, ditch, and bank as straight as a line, dashed into the kitchen, jumped into his box, and went on with his professional occupation of turning with extraordinary energy.

THE intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves, and we injure our own cause, in the opinion of the world, when we too passionately and eagerly defend it.

NOTHING is more fatal to the happiness of this world than a scorn of little things. Of little acts, little words, and little thoughts, life is made.—*Mitchell*.

#### What the Bible says of Cruelty.

[Masoretic Text.]

And God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that were with him in the ark.—Gen. viii. 1.

Every moving thing that liveth shall be yours for food; even as the green herbs have I given you all things. And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you; and with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you; from all those that go out of the ark, for every beast of the earth.—Gen. ix. 3, 9, 10.

And he said, Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore standest thou without? while I have prepared the house, and room for the camels. And the man came into the house: and he ungirded the camels, and he gave straw and provender for the camels, and water to wash his feet, and the feet of the men that were with him.—Gen. xxiv. 31, 32.

If thou meet thy enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again. If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, and wouldest forbear to unload him (thou must not do so but) thou shalt surely unload him.

But the seventh year shalt thou let it rest and lie still; that the needy of thy people may eat (of it): and what they leave the beasts of the field shall eat. In like manner shalt thou deal with thy vineyard, and with thy olive tree.

Six days shalt thou do thy work, and on the seventh day shalt thou rest; that thy ox and thy ass may repose, and the son of thy handmaid, and the stranger, may be refreshed.—Ex. xxiii. 4, 5, 11, 12.

And he said, My lord knoweth that my children are tender, and the flocks and herds with young are a charge on me; and if they should overdrive them one day, all the flock would die. Let my lord, I pray thee, pass on before his servant; and I will lead on slowly, according as the cattle that goeth before me and the children may be able to travel, until I come unto my lord unto Seir.—Gen. xxxiii. 13, 14.

And Jacob journeyed to Succoth, and built himself a house, and for his cattle he made booths: therefore he called the name of the place Succoth.—Gen. xxxiii. 17.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath in honor of the Lord thy God: on it thou shalt not do any work, neither thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.—Ex. xx. 8, 10.

#### A Bull-Dog's Faculty of Reflection.

A good story comes from Oakland, Cal., of a dog's memory:—A gentleman in Oakland had presented to him a very small bull-pup, so fat and chubby that his body resembled in shape the two-pound rolls of butter seen in the market. An occasional visitor had a habit of rolling the little canine over the floor with his foot, amusing himself with its impotent manifestations of anger. Becoming too mischievous, the puppy was sent off to a country residence for a time. On being brought back, some six months later, he appeared to have entirely forgotten the members of the family, though very willing to renew the acquaintance. A few days after, his old tormentor, with two other gentlemen, entered the yard, when the dog sprang upon him, with the signs of the most savage anger, and bit through the right boot—the one with which he had been so grievously tormented six months previously. He utterly refused to become reconciled, and endeavors to bite the gentleman at every opportunity.

NEVER was a sincere word utterly lost, never a magnanimity fell to the ground; there is some heart always to greet and accept it unexpectedly.



[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## Do Silkworms Suffer?

I do not know whether cruelty to the lower orders of animate nature has ever been deemed sufficiently serious to demand your consideration, but would like to ask an answer to the following questions: Is the statement of a certain French writer true, that "the silkworm is the dog of the insects in the treatment it has received from man?" Is it true that at times "it is a prey to acute suffering?" Has the order become so debilitated through maltreatment that it is almost impossible to find a healthy species? And, in conclusion, what amount of sensation does the chrysalis possess? Is there a possibility that the measures used in destroying the life of the sleeping insect, awaken it first to pain and suffering? Will you please notice these inquiries in your next issue, and thereby set at rest the mind of a SINCERE INQUIRER.

PHILADELPHIA, November, 1876.

## Cruelty Caused by the Gentler Sex.

The gradual destruction of English birds was observed several years since, and the suppression of selling poisoned wheat was the result. Still, extermination was evidently going on, and now where are they? In the spring you could not walk in the public road or Devonshire lanes without hearing the lark, mounted high, and cheerfully singing, in every direction, particularly towards the hills, or where there was a little heath. You may now ride ten miles, and it is a rarity to hear one. The goldfinch is all but extinct, the other ordinary species, such as the chaffinch, yellow-hammer, and the innocent robin, etc., you may now drive your twenty miles and rarely see more than a couple or one pair of birds. The notable songster, the gray thrush, is fast disappearing, but the blackbird seems to escape. Then the question comes, what has become of them? Many would say disease, or any reason but the right one. On going into a shop of what is called a "bird fancier," there was the secret; heaps of skins of almost every description of native birds with their feathers, the skins evidently saturated in some preparation to preserve the same until required for use. They are sent away in various quantities at 2s. a dozen, to be made up and worn on ladies' bonnets. If the gentler sex only knew what cruelty they cause by persisting in the fashion of birds, or wings, as ornaments, I feel quite sure it would change.—*Land and Water.*

DENVER has a dog, a pointer, owned by Joseph H. Skillman, by name "Baby," and her exploits have become as a household word. To close or open doors; to carry, fetch, and find; to go regularly for her meals and not touch a mouthful till permission was granted; to do every conceivable errand with only the shadow of a hint to draw an inference from; to deposit letters and receive her master's mail; to take the milk from the milkman; to bring in and pile up the kindling—all of these so-called "tricks" are a matter of course to "Baby." The other day Mr. Skillman was out walking, and his knife fell from his pocket. Some time afterward he discovered his loss. The word "knife" was no sooner pronounced than "Baby" came forward and laid the missing article at her master's feet. In getting her meals she uses a little basket. First asking permission to go, the dog takes the basket-handle carefully in her mouth and goes to the rear of the butcher's. The meal received, "Baby" returns, and having satisfied her appetite, takes back a proper recompense.—*Rod and Gun.*

We certainly ought not to treat living creatures like shoes or household goods, which, when worn out with use, we throw away; and were it only to teach benevolence to human kind, we should be merciful to other creatures.—*Pythagoras.*

## Not Lost.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word  
Spoken so low that only angels heard;  
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,  
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes:  
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladden all our youth,  
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;  
The childlike faith, so tranquil and so sweet,  
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet:  
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,  
So seldom guessed, so little understood;  
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win  
Some wanderer from the woeful way of sin:  
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord, for in thy city bright,  
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light;  
And things long hidden from our gaze below,  
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know  
They were not lost.

—New York Daily Witness.

## The Cats' Raphael.

Gottfried Mind was born at Berne in 1768, and died in the same place in 1814. An inborn taste and inclination induced him to apply himself more particularly to the delineation of bears and cats, especially of the latter, which he delighted to sketch in water-colors in every possible attitude. His paintings were all remarkable for their accuracy and lifelike expression, and more than one sovereign, on passing through Switzerland, has stopped in Berne for the express purpose of buying some of Mind's cat-pictures. They are now extremely scarce, and art connoisseurs offer high prices for the few that occasionally find their way into the market.

This strange but talented painter could never be separated from his own pet kittens. While he was working, the old mother cat was almost invariably close by him, and her little ones disported themselves on his shoulders. Mind never experienced a greater sorrow than in the year 1809, when the authorities of the city of Berne ordered a general slaughter of all the cats in town as a preventive measure against the spread of hydrophobia. He succeeded in concealing his own cat and saving its life, but his grief over the death of eight hundred poor pussies was almost overwhelming. He never recovered from it. During the long winter evenings he still found a means of reproducing the likeness of his favorite animals. He cut and carved large chestnuts and walnuts into the shape of cats and bears, singly or in groups; and these little knick-knacks, which were truly marvels of delicacy and dexterous workmanship, met with a very ready sale, and at the same time brought very high prices.

Among the curious facts that were brought to light by the French Revolution in 1848, was the secret appropriation made by the government of Louis Philippe of fifty thousand francs, bestowed upon Strauss-Durckheim for a work entitled, "The Anatomy of Cats." The lucky author, now deceased, was a true scientist, and had devoted much time and study to his subject; and although his work may not be of primary importance, still it contains much that is curious and even instructive, and is moreover unique in its conception.—*Hearth and Home.*

"The heart is hard in nature, and unfit  
For human fellowship, as being void  
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike  
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased  
With sight of animals enjoying life,  
Nor feels their happiness augment his own."—*Cowper.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## Prof. Agassiz's Opinion.

Although the following contribution of Louis Agassiz may be familiar to many of the readers of OUR DUMB ANIMALS, yet I take the liberty of sending it to you, thinking you might like to insert it.

No one has studied creature life more thoroughly than the eminent naturalist who penned these words; so that this testimony as to the mental animus or soul of the creature life, should be regarded with respectful attention. P.

"When animals fight with one another, when they associate for a common purpose, when they warn one another in danger, when they come to the rescue of one another, when they display pain or joy, they manifest impulses of the same kind as are considered among the moral attributes of man. The range of their passions is even as extensive as that of the human mind, and I am at a loss to perceive a difference of kind between them, however much they may differ in degree and in the manner in which they are expressed. The gradations of the moral faculties among the higher animals and man, are, moreover, so imperceptible, that to deny to the first a certain sense of responsibility and consciousness would certainly be an exaggeration of the difference between animals and man. There exists, besides, as much individuality within their respective capabilities, among animals as among men, as every sportsman or every keeper of menageries, or every farmer and shepherd can testify, who has had a large experience with wild or tame or domesticated animals." —*Contributions to the Natural History of the U. S., vol. 1, p. 64.*

## Cat Show in Massachusetts.

Our readers may not have heard of a cat show which took place here last spring, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. Some thirty or forty entries were made, and five premiums offered. J. W. Abbott, No. 46 South Common Street, took the first prize for the handsomest and largest cat; Mrs. Frothingham the second, for the best trained cat; S. D. Butler & Co., grocers, No. 10 Market Street, the third, for the best family cat and kittens. The prize for the rarest felines was awarded to two Manx cats, and the fifth and last premium, for the best breed, was given to a Maltese cat, "Dido," owned by Georgianna Mailey, No. 68 Chestnut Street. The heaviest cat in the show weighed fifteen and one-half pounds. The sight of the caged cats was a novel one, and large numbers of people improved the opportunity to look in upon them. The children seemed particularly pleased with the sight. There were cats born with and without tails, seven-toed cats, cats that could jump through hoops, and open doors, famous ratters and mice catchers. The fifteen and one-half pounder was named "Lord Thomas," and was born in the Isle of Man. He is now owned by L. C. Massey, No. 96 Beach Street, and was brought to this country in the ship *Pocahontas* by Captain Duncan. The cat show was a decided success, both financially and otherwise.—*Lynn Reporter.*

## Silent Influence.

We are touching our fellow-beings on all sides. They are affected for good or for evil by what we are, by what we say and do, even by what we think and feel. May flowers in the parlor breathe their fragrance through the atmosphere. We are each of us silently saturating the atmosphere about us with the subtle aroma of our character. In the family circle, besides and beyond all the teaching, the daily life of each parent and child mysteriously modifies the life of every person of his household. The same process, on a wider scale, is going on through the community. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. Others are built up and strengthened by our unconscious deeds; and others may be wrenched out of their places and thrown by our unconscious influence.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, December, 1876.

*Horses' Sufferings in War.*

It will be quite apparent to any one who has been in battle, or has visited a "field" after the engagement, that the evils of war cannot be estimated alone by the loss of human life and the destruction of property, fearful as these are. Horses, so essential to success in war, are terrible sufferers, by great abuse, by overloading, by exposure and neglect at all times. Suitable shelter, in severe weather, cannot be obtained, and the exigencies of war require that an excessive amount of labor should very often be required of them.

Thanks to the merciful element in some human hearts, many a soldier has shared his food with his horse, when there was not enough for either; but such cases are exceptional. But beyond this, the agony which wounded horses suffer on the field is appalling. There are no stretcher-bearers for them, no hospital, and they linger and die, unless perchance some thoughtful man stops long enough to end their sufferings by killing them.

While, then, war brings so much distress to animals, we ought, as a humane measure, to aid, if possible, in its prevention.

With this view, and considering the present possibilities of war in this and other countries, our Mr. Angell, at the close of a recent lecture before the Episcopal clergy of Boston and vicinity, submitted the following forms of resolutions as worthy the consideration of religious bodies:—

*Resolved*, That the Christian Church has one great duty to perform in politics; viz., to strive for "Peace on earth, good-will to men." And for that purpose we recommend union meetings of the clergy in all our principal cities, and the adoption of measures which shall tend to secure in any future emergency, through the pulpit, press, meetings for prayer, and petitions circulated in our cities and towns, the prompt and unanimous action of the entire Christian Church of every denomination, north and south.

Or, 2d. *Resolved*, That we recommend that union meetings of the clergy in all our northern and southern cities be called to adopt measures which, in case of political danger, shall throw the whole power of the Christian churches of the country, through the pulpit, press, meetings for prayer, and petitions circulated in our towns and cities, in favor of peace.

It is certainly a matter worthy of thought, whether the clergy of our country and the world may not, in the ways suggested, or otherwise, by united action, become a powerful instrumentality for the preservation of peace, which concerns animals as well as men.

*Thanksgiving Sermons.*

We sent a large number of our November paper to the clergymen of this State, suggesting a sermon on our subject on Thanksgiving Day. We shall be glad to hear if any availed themselves of the opportunity.

**LECTURES.**—Mr. Angell, during his recent tour, delivered seventeen addresses and lectures, at Saratoga, Chicago and Detroit, mostly to large audiences, and the last, in Detroit Opera House, to an audience of nearly two thousand persons. We elsewhere report the formation of a society at Detroit, and shall expect greater facilities and enlarged work at Chicago.

*Death of Vice-Presidents.*

Within the last two months three of our vice-presidents who have been connected with the Society since its organization have died; viz., Edward Wigglesworth, Esq., of Boston, Hon. Thomas Colt of Pittsfield, and Hon. Francis B. Fay of South Lancaster, father of our Secretary.

Since the above was in type, another vice-president has gone to the better land, where cruelty is unknown. Dr. W. W. Morland of Boston died last month. He was among the earliest friends and life-members of this Society, assisting actively in the original movement, and for many years was a director and constant attendant at our meetings. He continued deeply interested to the last, reporting cases of cruelty, writing for our paper, and speaking an earnest word for us always.

We learn from the daily papers, that after remembering our Society and other humane institutions generously in his will, he made the following thoughtful and characteristic provision:—

"I give my pet horse 'Brownie,' if he survives his master, to Charles J. Mason, with the condition that he never part with him. If he becomes, from age, sickness, or other cause, useless or troublesome to himself or others, I direct that the said Charles J. Mason cause him to be mercifully and painlessly killed; and I suggest the agents of the 'Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' as the most suitable persons to take the matter in charge."

*A New Society.*

"The Society for United Prayer for Protection of Animals from Cruelty," is the title of an association recently formed in England for the purpose its name indicates, including the dissemination of facts relative to vivisection. The following is the adopted form of

*PRAYER:*

O Almighty Creator, the Lord and Guard of life, whose mercy is over all Thy works, and without whom not one sparrow falleth to the ground, we bow before Thee in behalf of Thy helpless creatures throughout the world. In torture they suffer grievously through violent and cruel men. Regard, we beseech Thee, Thine own glory; pour out upon all men the spirit of mercy; help the helpless; forgive the guilty, and turn their hearts. For the sake of Thy dear Son, our once suffering Saviour, we beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord. Amen.

*Generous Requests.*

All our friends will be glad to know that in three instances, recently, we have been remembered by generous bequests. When received, these will strengthen our hands, at the same time that it assures us that our work is appreciated by the thinking public, and that we are recognized among the humane institutions. That other friends have done and will do likewise, we believe, but we hope they may long be spared to see the good our Society is doing.

*A Work on Dogs.*

Frequent inquiries are made at our office for information how to treat sick dogs. Not being "experts" in that matter, we have needed a work to consult. Through the kindness of a friend, we have been furnished with a valuable work, edited by Frank Forrester, and containing the substance of the works of Dinks, Mayhew and Hutchinson.

We shall be glad to have our friends avail themselves of its contents.

*Specimen Cases.*

It will have been noticed that we seldom publish any detailed report of the cases of cruelty coming under our notice, and which have been prosecuted. Our reason has been, that many of our readers are sensitive, tender-hearted persons, whose sympathies are so pained by the recital of these cases, that they beg of us not to publish them,—some parents claiming, erroneously, we think, that it has a bad effect upon their children, familiarizing them with brutal scenes. We have yielded to this sentiment, publishing the cases in the daily papers, without their most offensive features, and making our paper rather a missionary document, presenting the attractive qualities of animals, and showing how best to promote kind treatment of them.

But some of our friends believe more in prosecution than persuasion, and the public generally take only an outside view of this subject, and little realize how much cruelty is still practised by brutal men, although they readily admit how much less there is than before this Society was formed. But probably they do not realize, as we do, how soon the old prevalence of cruelty would return, if our Society was not sustained, and the watchful eyes of our officers were not a deterring influence.

In order, therefore, that our readers may better understand the need of our work, we have selected a few cases from the many coming under our notice, and publish them below. Our friends who object to such recitals, will remember that we have to take every honorable means to keep up the public sentiment.

We do not publish the names and localities, as these have been made public through the court reports at the time, and the parties have often changed their cruel habits and become humane.

No. 1. Was a party that, with an axe, cut the tails off a dog and cat, twice each, and, after watching their sufferings for some time, killed them.—*Fined \$25 and costs.*

No. 2. Was a man (previously convicted of cruelty) that starved two old horses until one died, and he was forced to provide for the other. *Penalty—thirty days in jail.*

No. 3. Attended a pigeon-shoot, and seeing a society agent present and knowing the purpose of his visit, brutally kicked a pigeon he had wounded, saying, "There's a case if you want to prosecute it." *Fined \$1 and costs.*

The party had previously been prosecuted. The grand jury found a bill. In the upper court, the case was submitted to the judge by agreement of counsel, who discharged defendant upon the ground that it was not such a case as the statute contemplated punishing.

No. 4. Was a party "in good standing" whose horse (a worn-out old animal, which, as he said, was "good for nothing, except his shoes"), had fallen in his stall. He dragged him out, with the aid of a rope around his leg and a yoke of oxen, up over the sill of his barn and over the frozen ground into his barn-yard, though he had abundant room to put him on his feet (as he had previously done) in his stall. *Fined \$15 and costs.*

Appealed. In upper court, on account of his "age, position," etc., etc., was let off with a fine of \$5 and costs.

No. 5. Was a party who, having a balky horse, put a cotton-hook into the roof of his mouth and attempted to start him with it. *Fined \$20 and costs.*

No. 6. Was a cattle-driver who started with a drove of heavy cattle from Brighton at one P. M. in hot weather. They soon began to suffer by overdriving, and at the Highlands one fell and



died, another being in such bad condition that he was shot by a policeman. *Fined \$20 and costs.*

No. 7. Was a teamster, who, while under the influence of liquor, struck his horse with an iron bar, for which he was *finéd \$25 without costs.*

He was subsequently convicted of beating his horse, this time, as before, influenced by liquor. He joined the Reform Club, and, for the sake of his wife and children, the agent requested the leniency of the court. *Fined \$20 and costs, with a promise of house of correction if again found offending.*

No. 8. Was a cattle-dealer who had been in the habit of muzzling his calves in pasture the day previous to their sale. By this the cows were "bagged" and the calves starved. Our agent watched them for twenty-three hours, during which time they were without food: were fed then simply because he was present. *Fined \$20 and costs in lower court.* In upper court, was, for some reason unknown to us, placed on file, upon payment of costs by defendant.

No. 9. Was a farmer who, with a pair of worn-out horses, was trying to draw a load home from this city. After five hours' effort, goading one horse till, to use his own words, "it did no good," he reached a hill in Waltham, where this animal died. Our agent, with assistance of one of the local agents, investigated the case and prosecuted the party.

Result—*Three months in house of correction, but on account of his family (a strong pressure having been brought on the court), the sentence was changed to a fine of \$50 and costs.*

No. 10. Was a butcher who got offended with his horse in the stable, and seizing an iron pike (used in the slaughter-house to handle sides of beef while upon the hooks), he "jabbed" it into his side ten or a dozen times. *Fined \$15 and costs.*

No. 11. Was a teamster who beat a Newfoundland dog badly about the head, as we satisfied the court, though the party claimed the condition of his head was due to a fight the day previous to being seen by our agent.

The party admitted whipping the animal (at the command of his owner) to break him of a habit he had acquired of gnawing the harnesses. *Fined \$10 and costs.*

No. 12. Five parties, arrested for cock-fighting by a country agent, aided by ourselves, with a requisition from the governor upon the governor of Rhode Island. Prosecuted, for being present at a cock-fight, under General Statutes. *Fined \$20 and costs each.*

We have made our sketch as brief as possible, and could continue the list at great length, if desirable.

## Michigan Society.

We are glad to report that a new society was formed at Detroit on the 22d ult., composed of some of the leading ladies and gentlemen of that city,—persons of influence, wealthy, and of well-known benevolence. The purposes, conditions of membership and organization are very much like ours. The following board of directors were chosen, who have power to elect a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer. We shall hope soon to hear that their organization is completed, that the treasury is supplied, and one or more agents appointed.

List of Directors.—J. W. Bartlett, J. H. Farwell, Dr. H. Berhndorf, John Heffron, E. W. Meddaugh, Dr. A. Owen, William A. Moore, James W. Thompson, Dr. H. Keifer, Dr. J. P. Scott, Rev. Calvin Stebbins, M. S. Smith, Dr. T. A. McGraw, Mrs. James F. Joy, Mrs. Dr. Stewart, Mrs. Dr. Andrews, Mrs. J. J. Bagley, Mrs. D. Carter, Mrs. W. D. Robinson, Mrs. Edward King.

[From the Lowell "Courier."]

## A Protest from the Lowell Agent.

Complaints are frequently made to me, of late, that I am very remiss in my duty in looking after cases of cruelty to animals, in various parts of the city. Now, be it known to all men, women and children of Middlesex County, in which I am agent for the prevention of cruelty to animals, that, as I do not possess the attribute of omnipresence, I can be in but one place at one and the same time, and that it is impossible for me to know of all cases of cruelty unless they are reported to me. Then I intend to faithfully discharge my duty without fear or favor from any one, and bring the offending party before the proper tribunal, that he may receive his just deserts. If my office was one of emolument and popularity there would be many an eager soul after it. But because of my deep interest in the matter my services are voluntary. And yet many persons think that I should devote my whole time to it. The cause itself suffers for the want of something more substantial than mere sympathy or fault-finding. Allow me to ask why it is that our police, who are paid for their services, do not attend to this part of their duty in making arrests for cruelty to animals, just the same as in arresting persons for theft, housebreaking, murder, or for having a half-pint of whiskey found on their premises, or any other violation of the law? Their duty is just as imperative in one case as the other. The law says: "It shall be the duty of all sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, deputy state constables, constables and police officers, to prosecute all violations of this act [meaning the act passed for the prevention of cruelty to animals] which shall come to their notice or knowledge."

The following are the cases attended to by me the last year, reported to the Massachusetts Society in Boston, up to October 1, 1876: Overloading, 3; working when lame, 9; underfeeding, 43; abandoning, 2; killed, 3; glandered—killed, 1; general cruelty, 9; taken from work, 2; total, 72. I have travelled about 125 miles and spent sixty days of my time. Expense—cash paid out, \$10; time, at \$3 per day, \$180; making \$190. Without egotism, I think I am doing my part for the cause of the dumb animals.

SAMUEL BECK.

That there are cases of cruelty in Lowell not attended to, we have no doubt, and to aid Mr. Beck we have sent one of our office agents to Lowell several times recently. But, as Mr. Beck says, no one person can be omnipresent, and if parties knowing of cases do not report them to Mr. Beck, or to the police, they may be unattended to. Mr. Beck shows the sacrifice he has made. How much sacrifice have those who complain of him made, either in time or money? How much have they contributed towards the support of the Lowell Society, or ours? We shall aid Mr. B. all we can, but we have constant pressure from other quarters.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## Inquiry About Goats.

Will some of your readers, through your paper, tell something about goats: their peculiarities and proper method of treatment? My boys have one, and though she does not seem as strong in her attachments as dogs usually are, we think her very cunning, and think a great deal of her. Are they at all jealous? I have fancied that when the dog or hens are petted it does not suit her ladyship.

If one of our neighbors, to whom we were under no special obligations, were suffering for want of proper clothing or sufficient food, we should seek at once to relieve him. Ought we not to manifest the same spirit if an animal to whom we are under obligation is in a suffering condition?

## CASES INVESTIGATED

By OFFICE AGENTS IN NOVEMBER.

Whole number of complaints, 110; viz., Overloading, 2; overworking, 4; overdriving, 2; beating, 5; driving when lame and galled, 27; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 23; torturing, 3; driving when diseased, 6; abandoning, 1; defective streets, 2; general cruelty, 35.

Remedied without prosecution, 15; warnings issued, 37; not substantiated, 34; not found, 4; prosecuted, 11; convicted, 9; pending trial, 1; under investigation, 9. Pending trial, November 1, 3; disposed of, 1; convicted, 1; left to avoid arrest, 2.

Animals killed, 26; temporarily taken from work, 20.

## FINES.

Justices' Courts.—Waltham, \$50; Marlborough, \$3. District Courts.—1st Eastern Middlesex, \$5; 2d Plymouth, \$5; 1st Essex, \$5.

Police Courts.—Chelsea, \$10; Lawrence, \$10.

Municipal Court.—Boston, \$10.

Witness Fees.—\$16.50.

## RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

## MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. Brown, \$1; Frederick Douglass, \$1; Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford, \$50; A. H. Kimball, \$1; Pierce Hooper, \$1; Jos. Baker, \$100.

## SUBSCRIBERS ONE DOLLAR EACH.

G. & W. Houston, B. Vaughn, Mrs. H. K. W. Hall.

## SUBSCRIBERS TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Thos. Goddard.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## An Improved Saddle-Girth.

As you know, I am a constant horseback rider, and am obliged to do so, being confined in a room all day with a polluted atmosphere. I wish, through your columns, to do my part toward alleviating any suffering of the noblest animal ever created, next to man, and superior to some men. There has always been more or less suffering on the part of the horse by overtight girthing, and especially regarding a lady's saddle. By the simple invention of an officer in the Austrian cavalry, a set of spiral springs is buckled on to the billet of the saddle, and the other end to the girth. Attached to this is a regulator, showing how far to strain it, and when fixed respiration is as free to the horse as if he had no girth. This article is subject, before sale, to a strain of one hundred and twenty pounds. I believe I am the first and only one in Boston who has the article, and has tested it thoroughly. Many horsemen have seen it, and think it an excellent and beneficial affair.

JOS. A. WILLARD.

Boston, November, 1876.

## Appreciation of Our Paper.

A lady teacher in Minnesota writes as follows:

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS gives us much pleasure. Johnnie, my little boy, says, 'I wish all the boys at school would read such papers.' They would be better boys if they did. We lend them until they are worn out. We have a cow, calf, pig, turkeys, chickens and cat to practise our kindness upon. We never before knew how much pleasure the possession of such creatures could give."

We would that the principles of our paper could reach every farmer's home in the Great West. Not only would their pleasure be increased, but their profit also. Fewer cattle would be left through the long winters, to fight for life under the lee of the straw-stacks, and the wild birds, the prairie-chickens and the quail would be invited back to their old haunts to make summers cheerful and to protect the golden wheat from the pests of insects and grasshoppers that now threaten to drive out the people.

KINDRED societies have been formed in Santiago, Chili, and in Rosario, Argentine Republic.

## Children's Department.

*Dogs Don't Smoke.*

The boys who look at the picture on this page will not suppose that the dog is being taught to smoke. It would be a useless effort. Dogs know better, and would reject the "weed" and the pipe as soon as they tasted the smoke. But the boy is merely teaching him obedience, and showing his power of imitation. It is an empty pipe that he has in his mouth, and it is as harmless a play as for a boy to blow soap-bubbles. How much companionship boys find in a dog! They become playmates, and, if the dog obeys the boy, it affords him real pleasure to do so, and, in turn, the boy finds happiness in being kind to the dog and by contributing to his comfort. By kind treatment he secures the dog's affection, and to confer anything but kindness on so good a friend is ungrateful and cruel. And yet we have known boys to take pleasure in striking, kicking, and stoning dogs, and they laugh, and seem to enjoy hearing their cries and witnessing their suffering.

It does not seem as if it were in the nature of boys to do these things, but that it was the result of the example of cruel or thoughtless men. Let us sincerely trust that our boys will never become imitators of such men, but rather show examples of kindness to all who know them.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*Trot.*

The dog of which I write was a mixture of the shepherd and setter breeds, and was only a year old when his master was thrown down, trampled upon and nearly killed by a vicious steer. After that, "Trot" was always on guard, and kept close watch of his master whenever he went near the steer. One day the doctor, his owner, was leading the horses from the house to the barn. In going there, he had to pass the pasture bars, on the other side of which stood the steer. "Trot" saw the proceedings, and took his post at the bars until the doctor had passed by, when he crawled through the fence, and laid down beside the steer. As it moved away, "Trot" kept close by, but *between the steer and the fence*, until he passed out of sight. We saw the dog's fine head turn constantly, and with almost human intelligence, from the steer to his master.

At another time, the doctor went to town, and not returning at the usual hour, the dog waited till it was time for the cows to come up, when he went to the pasture, and when the doctor arrived, the cows were at the barn-yard gate, with "Trot" sitting complacently behind them. This was the first time he ever brought up the cows alone, and without being told. After this, he would fre-

## DOGS DON'T SMOKE.



quently bring them up, and if they were not all there, would start for the remainder, and would not return until all were found. Such evidences of reasoning powers are not to be slighted, or mistaken for mere instinct, let skeptics say what they will.

S. A. D.

*A Musical Monkey.*

A surprising fact, which it would be difficult to credit were it not enunciated by a trustworthy witness, is disclosed by the musician chroniqueur of the Paris "Temps": "I was invited," says he, "by M. Milne-Edwards to hear a monkey of the Paris Zoological Gardens, possessing a remarkable tenor voice. The monkey is a gibbon of Anam, and not more than 75 centimetres in height. He seems to have great satisfaction in showing his vocal powers. The sound was at first rather hollow, and then burst forth brilliantly on the 'si.' He has a chest voice which many brilliant tenors of the opera might envy, and his falsetto is not disagreeable. When a visitor gives him a piece of bread he takes it and asks for more, expressing himself in loud notes, well expressed and modulated. Another monkey attempts to contend with him, but his powers are less remarkable than those of his rival." It would be amusing if the demand for tenors should compel operatic impresarii to seek their stars in zoological gardens.

*Asking for a Drink.*

On Ash Street, in Belvidere, in a double house, live two families, and to one belongs a fine, large Newfoundland dog. During the day he is kept chained in the back yard or garden, and at night has his liberty. A few days ago, a lady belonging in the family in the part of the house not occupied by his master was in the garden, and heard the dog whine a number of times. Finally, this demonstration was in so earnest a manner that she spoke to him, and asked "Jack" what he wanted. On being recognized thus, his actions were still more striking. The lady went toward him, but discovered nothing out of the way, save that the dish in which he was supplied with water was bottom side up. Jack hastened to it, and, with his great, black paw, turned the dish over, and then, taking it in his mouth, he carried it as far as his chain would permit toward the lady. This told her, as plainly as actions could speak, that the dog was thirsty and wanted her to fill his dish with water; and that she did, and Jack drank and wagged his tail with satisfaction and gratitude, it may be supposed. — *Lowell Voz Populi.*

*A Dog Coasting.*

Last winter I saw a dog drawing a sled up a hill. He was a large yellow dog, with long, stilt-like legs, immense flapping ears, and a very mournful expression of countenance. He was harnessed to the sled by the rope, which was tied to his collar, and, as he had some difficulty in drawing the sled up the hill, it being slippery, two gentlemen and I stopped and watched him. He at last reached the top of the hill, and turned round facing the bottom, waiting for his little master to come and unharness him. But in an unlucky moment, doggy slipped, and the sled started, taking him off his feet, and away he went, careering down the hill. It was a very funny picture to look at, for he sat upright, his long hind-legs sticking straight out in front, his forepaws pawing the air and his long ears flapping behind him like flags. He cast his eyes piously upward and s-l-o-w-l-y opening his mouth, there floated up to us on the frosty air one of the most heart-breaking dog-hows I ever heard. At the foot of the hill there was a corner to be turned, lined on one side by a post and fence and on the other by a lamp-post and trees. As he approached this dangerous place, we held our breath with suspense. Doggy saw his danger, too, and his helpless cries brought tears to my eyes; and then, as he swept grandly round the curve and rode gallantly into the gutter, the spectators raised a cheer, and he was loaded with pats and caresses.

SOME boys are cruel from the mere brutish habit of killing every small living thing they meet with. If they see a bird or a squirrel, they try to knock it down; if they see a frog, they pelt at it; if they find a stray kitten, they drown worry it; and they think themselves brave and grand men if they can swagger along with a gun and a cur dog, and so kill and worry still more.



*The Father's Mistake.*

... Evening had once more drawn the family together, when a rude knock at the door aroused Jack, one of the most intelligent of his kind,—a real thorough watch-dog. The knock angered him. He knew it came from one of the vilest tramps that infest a country neighborhood. Deacon Allison turned and, in a decided manner, ordered Jack away. The order was unheeded. As the door opened, Jack's uncovered teeth, with his growls, were simply dreadful. The Deacon saw at hand nothing save his axe, and, grasping it, he gave poor faithful Jack such cruel blows, that he went howling under the table. The five younger children began to cry pitifully over the woes of their favorite, and great was the confusion. Mrs. Allison arose, and with more dignity than her husband had ever seen, walked from the room with the wailing ones. The elder children quickly followed, as did also the injured Jack, leaving Deacon Allison to the enjoyment of his miserable caller, who soon tired him with his idle gossip. . . . Deacon Allison sat lost in his own reflections. He knew his wife was angry, he saw the flashing eyes as she left the room; he knew his children were embittered because of his harshness towards the dog. What would he not have given to have back the unclouded home of one hour ago? and he had been the first to break the harmony. A little season of wretchedness, and then finding that Carrie was not coming to him, he went to her. She was standing by the window, very pale, very stern, and very dignified. "Carrie, why do you not speak to me?"

"I know not what to say; I have maintained a perfect silence, fearing I should say something wrong. Would you have me speak as I feel?"

"Certainly, you cannot censure me more than I do myself."

"Your exhibition of temper to-night has unthroned me. I saw you let all reason go, and act more cruelly towards one of God's creatures than I had deemed you capable of acting. Had you been an angry boy I could have understood it, though our boys would not do so wickedly. Poor fellow! you should have seen the tearful eyes as Jack laid his bruised and bleeding head in my lap for treatment. I let my tears mingle with theirs, and felt that I yielded to no weakness. They kissed me, with the dog, heartily. Why, Richard! from childhood I have honored you as I honored no man. I have known you only as a Christian gentleman."

"Let me see if Jack can forgive me. Jack, my good fellow,—Jack, come and see me." With a glad bound, Jack sprang forward, licking the hand and face of his master. "Noble fellow! How unlike human beings!"

"Do you know, Richard, that he has no failing? His hatred of mean company is a virtue; his friendship for you is as strong as life. Promise me that he never again shall have harsh treatment from your hands. When one whom he detests comes, just put him in another room and shut the door; there will be children to stay with him."

"Carrie, once I told Jack to let that man alone, to let him come in, and he understood it all, but rushed on just the same. Then I only gave moderate punishment. Last night I was angry that he had not learned obedience."

"You say the dog never fails to obey in any other instance?"

"Never!"

"You admit the man to be one of the vilest?"

"Yes."

"Now, why not take the ground that our dog is very remarkable. Why, Richard, would you whip a child to make it stay in bad company?"

The children came to the breakfast-table the next morning with unhappy faces, most especially the older boys. The cheerful "Good morning" from Deacon Allison and wife did little towards dispelling the gloom. After a brief, painful silence, Deacon Allison said, "I was in the wrong last night, my children; I sinned against my Creator in cruelly treating an object of his

care given into my keeping; I sinned against you in the abuse of your noble favorite, and against the good Jack himself. He forgives me freely, as you see by his whole-hearted greeting; forgiveness from our Father I feel that I have found; now it remains for you to add yours."—*Selected.*

*Great Men Love Animals.*

Some of the greatest men known in history have been distinguished for affection for animals. Alexander the Great took extreme care of his war-horse Bucephalus, which he had conquered by kindness, and gave him a magnificent sepulchre when he died. Once, also, when the Athenians were compelled to embark themselves and wives and children on their fleet, and leave their beautiful city to be destroyed by the Persians, a poor dog, which had been left behind, swam out after the ship containing his master until he expired, exhausted in the sea. Even the Athenian generals were touched with such devotion, and buried the faithful creature on a promontory known for centuries afterwards as the Dog's Tomb. In later days, it would be remembered that the wonderful novelist, Sir Walter Scott, the Wizard of the North, said he always wrote best when his greyhound Maida, and all his other pets, were about him. Byron commemorated his faithful Newfoundland as his truest friend. Washington himself loved his hounds and his horses, and Jefferson, it was said, would become angry unless his servants groomed his saddle-horse so carefully that a white handkerchief could be rubbed upon his skin without showing a trace of dust or dirt. There were many other cases in history where the distinguished men of the world had not thought it beneath their dignity to be kind to animals, and there were some, too, where those cruel in this respect had been embalmed in infamy. One of the most cruel of the Roman emperors, Domitian, would be contemptible forever for his brutality to flies. He would amuse himself for hours in his palace catching these little insects and tearing them to pieces, and even his own people scorned him for such miserable barbarity. One day a courtier asked if the emperor were alone, and another answered, "Yes; not even a fly is with him." This was centuries ago, and yet the poor insects hand down the meanness of their tormentor in history. Another instance from the past, but of a more agreeable nature, might be related.

Many hundreds of years before the birth of the Saviour, Ulysses, the King of Ithica, started with his army for the siege of Troy, and was absent ten long years before the city was taken. On his return, his fleet was wrecked and his army destroyed, and, after many wanderings, he came into his kingdom a mere beggar. Neither his wife, nor his son, nor any of his old courtiers and servants recognized him. He was a stranger in his own home, and his palace was filled with usurpers who would have murdered him if they had known it was the king. But one friend knew him and was faithful to the last. In front of the palace gate, neglected by the servants, and so worn out with age and bad treatment he could hardly move, lay the king's dog, Argus. At once he recognized his master, and in attempting to drag himself to those beloved feet and caress those long-absent hands, the faithful hound expired. Homer, the greatest of all the poets, who tells the story, says the stern eyes of the royal warrior were moistened and his heart swelled at this devotion.—*From a Speech by Salem Dutcher.*

You can train the eye to see all the bright places in your life, and so slip over the hard ones with surprising ease. You can also train the eye to rest on the gloomy spots, in utter forgetfulness of all that is bright and beautiful. The former is the better education. Life is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry across the lowlands that you may linger longer on the mountain-tops.

HUMILITY and meekness escape many a burden and many a blow.

*Stable and Farm.**How to Lead a Cow.*

Every woman will tell you that a man can be led easier by putting an arm around his neck than by pulling his hair, but we never knew till recently that the reason you can't lead a cow behind a wagon is because she objects to having her horns pulled. The other day a red-shirted emigrant passed through here on his way to Carroll County. His family and household possessions were in a covered wagon, to the hind end of which was fastened a cow. Behind her, with a sharp stick, walked the emigrant, giving her a smart well occasionally when she hung back. Every now and then she would brace herself and stop the team, and then, in unclerical language, he would beseech her to go on, marking each forcible period with a prod of the sharp stick. The poor cow rolled her eyes and rolled her tongue. The poor emigrant, too, was dusty and tired, but his voice and stick didn't fail him. She had suddenly halted the procession in front of the post-office, and was shaking her head in reply to his earnest entreaties, when a man called out to Red Shirt that he did not "understand cows worth a cent."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked Red Shirt.

"Why, just take that rope off her horns, and put it around her neck, and she'll lead as quiet as a lamb. If she don't I'll follow her a mile myself."

The rope was changed to her neck, and the team started. She gave a look of surprise, and walked along. "Well, that beats all!" said Red Shirt, and, without a word of thanks, he mounted his wagon. The procession moved slowly on towards Carroll County, and the cow followed with countenance as placid as if she were walking home at milking time.—*Ames (Iowa) Intelligencer.*

*Don't Whip a Frightened Horse.*

Never whip your horse for becoming frightened at any object by the roadside; for if he sees a stump, a log, or a heap of tan-bark in the road, and while he is eying it carefully, and about to pass it, you strike him with the whip, it is the log, or the stump, or the tan-bark that is hurting him in his way of reasoning, and the next time he will be more frightened. Give him time to examine and smell of all these objects, and use the bridle to assist you in bringing him carefully to these objects of fear.

*A Varied Diet for Fowls.*

There are no animals more omnivorous than fowls; fish, flesh, herbs and grains being devoured by them with equal relish. We say equal, for though they commonly pounce upon meat with greater avidity than upon grain, this is generally because it affords a rarity, and a flock kept for awhile almost entirely on animal food will show the same greed for a few handfuls of corn.

The fondness for variety shown by fowls is as significant of real needs as we have found it to be in ourselves. In purveying for them a judicious variety, selected from the three general divisions—fresh vegetables, grain and animal food—is at all seasons absolutely necessary for young and old, in order to make them perfectly thrifty. True, they will not starve on hard corn and water, neither will they pay a profit so kept.—*Selected.*

SMILE.—I am now an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slowly, masticate well, go to your food, to your rest, to your occupation smiling; keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger. A violent tempest of passion tears down the constitution more than a typhus fever.—*Rev. Daniel Waldo Emerson.*

*Salting the Streets.*

An opportunity is now offered to me to speak of the injurious effects arising from the salting of the snow on our streets every winter, on the health of our horses. It will be remembered by very many in this city, that there was much inconvenience and heavy loss from the sickness and death of many horses, caused by the breaking up of the heavy snow on our streets late in the spring of 1856. Now, I do not say that salt was used at that time for its removal; nevertheless, the action is the same. The heat of the sun decomposes the snow, producing a cold vapor, many degrees below that of the surrounding atmosphere, irritating and inflaming the lungs and bronchial passages. The application of salt and snow to the hoofs of horses destroys the elasticity of the horn or wall of the foot; so much so as to cause contraction of the heels, and brittleness of the whole hoof, for a long time after, lessening the value very materially of the animal. Its action on the thin and tender parts of heels is very marked, scalding and producing a variety of diseases known as "scratches" (*paronychia equi*), very troublesome, causing lameness, from the extreme mobility of the parts affected. What has been stated above can be attested by every intelligent veterinary surgeon in town, as well as by many private gentlemen, who refuse to use their carriages and horses when salt is used.—*R. McClure, Veterinary Surgeon.*

*Drinking-Trough in Rumney, N. H.*

The energetic and public-spirited citizens of Rumney, desiring to commemorate this centennial year by some work of public interest, are taking measures to decorate their common with a fountain. At a meeting of the inhabitants, of which Rev. J. D. Tilton was chairman, and A. J. Stevens, Esq., clerk, Mr. C. Greeley, Mrs. Josiah Quincy, Sen., and J. L. Dearborn, Esq., were appointed an executive committee for the whole work; Alvin Hill, Esq., to procure voluntary labor, and Mrs. Quincy for subscriptions. The supply of water, the gift of Mrs. E. Merrill and the heirs of G. L. Merrill, has been conveyed to the site in 130 rods of iron pipe, and rises 25 feet. By voluntary labor the ditch has been made and the pipe laid. The curb to the basin, 14 feet in diameter, has been cut by Geo. D. Keniston, from Rumney granite. The water at the fountain will be used for drinking and watering the borders by hose.

The expense, including a large granite drinking-trough, to be situated at the lower end of the common, will be \$500. Former residents of the town have made generous subscriptions, among them Hon. Nathan Clifford of Washington, and E. P. Brown, Esq., of Nashua. The B. C. & M. R. R. have given freight. Hon. John A. Bolles of Washington, who, with a large family, has passed three successive summers in the town, contributed \$50, and advanced the enterprise by valued advice. The whole work is to be done in the most substantial manner, that generations to come may hear in the sound of its water the story of our centennial year.—*N. H. Paper.*

"GO HOME."—Recently a young man was driving a loaded team near Smithfield, R. I., when the linch-pin of the wagon broke, throwing the driver out, and rolling a barrel of cider upon him, and breaking his leg in two places. In this sad position he availed himself of the intelligence of a St. Bernard dog, which had accompanied him. Taking from his pockets a pencil and piece of paper, and writing what had befallen him, he tied the paper to the dog's collar, and told him to "go home." The faithful dog did so, and help came to his assistance within an hour.—*Boston Herald.*

WE never regret the kind words we have spoken or the retort we have left unsaid, but bitterly we recall sharp words uttered angrily, and unkind actions that may have caused tears to come to eyes that will never shed them any more.

*Sea-Gulls.*

Far from the clatter of the city streets,  
Wandering through the deep cerulean height,  
Each sailing form the upward vision meets;  
And as they calmly float with circling flight,  
They slowly rise into the higher air,  
Until the snowy breasts alone are seen;  
While throwing back the sunlight's vivid glare,  
Appear like moving stars of softest sheen;  
And while I strive to hold them in my view,  
I see an image of creative love—  
For whether floating on the ocean's blue,  
Or wheeling in the arching blue above,  
Their movements free and careless as the wind—  
I hear that sweet old song—the Lord is kind.

*What is the Use of Blinders?*

Men and women of benevolent nature find ample opportunity for charitable deeds in this world, and when they are not organizing societies for the relief of somebody in distress, for the prevention of something that ought not to be done, or the suppression of some well-developed iniquity, they have their private missions, which occupy a deal of the thoughts and not a little of their active effort. There is so much to be done for the amelioration of suffering and sinning humanity, that there is only now and then one whose sympathies go out to the dumb beasts that never sign petitions, or make complaints, or go about exhibiting their misery for the purpose of getting relief. There are a few such philanthropic, or shall we say philozoic, people, whose mission is to look after the interests of brutes. Generally their zeal does not go beyond efforts to put a stop to cruel treatment. There is a gentleman in this city, however, whose consideration for the comfort and convenience of at least one very useful and meritorious animal goes further. He is laboring in a crusade against blinders on horses.

He insists that these contrivances for limiting the vision of a horse do no good whatever, but must be the cause of more or less discomfort. He thinks that a horse would feel freer and easier without them, and that he would be better able to perform the duties of his station. Take it in the streets of a city, for instance, amidst the crowd and bustle of teams and people going to and fro, his movements are constrained and embarrassed by his inability to look about him. So far as being startled is concerned, it is the opinion of this gentleman that it is more likely to happen to an animal that cannot see an approaching object until it suddenly comes upon him, and has no opportunity to distinguish the nature of things by the wayside, but only gets a casual glimpse of them. He argues that there would be less danger of accidents to teams and their drivers, more efficiency and ease in the labor of the horse, if blinders were dispensed with. Now we do not profess to special knowledge as to the use and value of blinders on horses, but it is a subject worthy of consideration in the popular debating societies, whether they are of any use at all and are not a relic of barbarism.—*Boston Globe.*

*The True Code of Honor.*

A man cannot afford to be unfaithful under any circumstances; a man cannot afford to be mean at any time; a man cannot afford to do less than his best at all times, and under all circumstances. No matter how unjustly you are treated, you cannot, for your own sake, afford to use anything but your better self, nor render anything but your better services. You cannot afford to lie to a liar; you cannot afford to be mean to a mean man; you cannot afford to do other than uprightly with any man, no matter what exigencies may exist between him and you. No man can afford to be any but a true man, living in his higher nature and acting with his highest consideration.—*Galveston Daily Commoner.*

If you should hear ill of another, remember that your informant may be mistaken or deceived; he may be misinformed or prejudiced by party spirit.

*Slaughtering in Cities—Abattoirs.*

It is of the first importance as a sanitary measure that there should be ample facilities for the intelligent inspection of the cattle to be slaughtered, and of the meats to be exposed for sale in the markets.

The temptation to slaughter diseased cattle in large cities is very great, and the opportunities offered are abundant when the business is entirely unregulated, and free from the surveillance of competent sanitary officers. In every city where no restrictions upon the trade exists, there is a class of men who deal in diseased cattle and meats. In the cattle-yards they purchase the sick, lame, or injured stock, and in the markets they select the rejected meats, and then retail this unwholesome refuse to the poor.

To guard the people against the imposition of diseased meats, the best regulated foreign cities require the careful inspection by expert officers of every animal brought to market. All obviously diseased cattle are sent to the offal yards, and the suspected are detained in yards or stalls for observation. All the meats offered for sale in the public markets must have a previous inspection. In this manner the people are protected from even the liability of receiving unwholesome meats.

But no sanitary inspection worthy of the slightest confidence can be maintained over the meat supply of our markets while the present scattered, unregulated, and practically unlicensed system of slaughtering is continued. Cattle suffering any and every form of disease may pass unnoticed and unchallenged to any of the slaughter-houses, and the carcass may go thence to the market without hindrance.

The only practicable and indeed possible method of instituting an adequate system of cattle and meat inspection is the concentration of the business in large and well-regulated abattoirs. The very incorporation of butchers in such companies, leads to the expulsion from the business of those irresponsible dealers who live by a sort of contraband trade. But the great sanitary feature of the proposed regulation is the rigid inspection of cattle and meats which may be so successfully carried out.

The abattoir also demonstrates that in a large establishment the slaughtering is more readily supervised, and the whole business done more systematically and more cleanly; in fact, so cleanly that nothing offensive is perceptible, owing to the superior sanitary precautions that have been taken in the construction and the constant enforcement of proper regulations, which experience has proved almost impossible to enforce in a large number of small establishments scattered over a great part of the city.

We can but conclude that the interests of the public health demand that the business of slaughtering in all our American cities should be concentrated at the most available point for cleanliness and economical management, in one or more abattoirs according to the necessities of the trade. The common slaughter-house is a nuisance against the public health (and public morality) which should be abated where it exists.—*Dr. Stephen Smith in "The Sanitarian."*

It takes a touch of adversity to show whether a man is a man at all, just as it needs the touch of frost to bring out the glories of the trees. Even on a dark day in October, how royally the woods flame out! Under what glorious banners they march to meet the winter! What unmatched splendors, rich as sunset skies, tender as the rainbow, shine out over the whole earth! Those splendors are the treasures that the trees were silently laying up when the summer's sun flooded them all day long. And shall a man, in his time of prosperity, lay up no store of sunshine in his inner self, whereby when darker days come on he shall be luminous with courage and good cheer?—*Beecher.*



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